

The Sun.

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Our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication will have rejected articles returned only in cases where stamps for that purpose.

Concerning the Ineptitude of a Humorist.

We learn from the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* that England has been dreaming for some time, and dreaming comfort and satisfaction from the habit, but that the dream has come to an end. As this dream concerns us intimately, and as the writer in the *Fortnightly* is one of the very ablest of contemporary English publicists, the matter is interesting.

Introducing his subject under the caption "The End of a Dream," the writer says that "the last few weeks have taught one hard but wholesome lesson, and there is an end of the more foolish theory of Anglo-American relations. In case of conflict between Germany and ourselves under any conditions that can at present be foreseen, the utmost we can expect from the United States is neutrality." He thinks that far seeing American thinkers perceive that a nearer relation between the Mother Island and the Republic is desirable from the point of view of American interests, but that if England is to preserve her sea power and empire in the next decade she must "realize the harsh truth" that she must depend solely upon herself.

We confess ourselves greatly surprised at the writer's tone, which while frank and manly throughout betrays a curious mingling of sadness and resignation, as if affected by a disillusionment more or less deplorable and painful. We are quite unconscious of the slightest change in public sentiment in this country toward England, but we are equally unaware of the basis of England's confidence that we would hasten to her aid in case that she went to war with Germany. Such an idea has not been manifest in this country, nor has it appeared anywhere in our international exchange of amenities, social or official.

It appears that these disturbing conclusions have been precipitated by our manner of receiving Lord CHARLES BERSFORD on the occasion of his recent visit, and the demeanor which we manifested with respect to the speech which he delivered before the Pilgrims Club. We are told that Lord CHARLES, "in effect, asked for aid against Germany" and that his words, "generously applauded at the banquet table, fell flat next day," being "received in the American press at large with general coldness, much ridicule and considerable hostility."

We were unaware of this fact, and while it does not devolve upon us to extenuate the conduct of our newspapers, we do not think any serious significance should attach to it. As a matter of fact Lord CHARLES BERSFORD is esteemed very highly in this country, but our concept of his lordship is of a person of humor, and not as a statesman or as one weightily charged with national significance. A part of the English press has recommended him to our friendly attention as "England's greatest music hall Admiral." We can assure our honored contemporary that his visit here was not understood to partake of anything more than the gentleman's own agreeable receptivity, plus the reasonable effusiveness of a hospitable and good natured group of our citizens. At the same time we would venture the observation that if we were a distinguished Englishman freighted with a grave matter of international comity, we should hesitate about discharging ourselves before the Pilgrims Club. It is hardly a *curia* of appropriate dimensions.

We submit that it were wisest to dismiss the episode as negligible. The deductions drawn from it by the *Fortnightly* are assuredly without adequate foundation in so far, at least, as they implicate to any change of demeanor or temperament. Our own conviction is that our sentiments never were more friendly or of a more sincere cordiality than they are at the present moment. At the same time, with an eye solicited to our common welfare, may we intimate that it were preferable that we were less cultivated?

Mr. Simon Burns on Gompers.

Mr. SIMON BURNS, a leader of the Knights of Labor, reminds us that all is not peace and sweetest harmony in the upper circles of the trusts. Mr. SIMON BURNS has the temerity to assert that the bald and reverend GOMPERS is in effect an octopus, and he bases his assertion on the theory that GOMPERS seeks to regulate the means by which men earn their livelihood by horny hands and sweaty brows. He insinuates, moreover, that GOMPERS is wrong in defying the courts of the country.

Perhaps it is Mr. BURNS's idea that as the courts are institutions provided by the laws of the nation, while GOMPERS is merely a tribunal constituted by an extralegal organization, not contemplated in any lawmaking body or

assemblage known to man—or at least to Americans—possibly GOMPERS is wrong and the Constitution of the United States and all the machinery of equity and justice assembled in its name are right.

We agree with Mr. SIMON BURNS. We have already released intimations to that effect. But why argue about GOMPERS? The issue is between him and society. Mr. SIMON BURNS, we are quite sure, will join us in proposing that the issue in question cannot be joined too soon.

The Development of Divorce Law.

"Divorces obtained without publicity. Names of witnesses and correspondent carefully concealed. Secret trial before referee. Decrees procurable in remote rural districts."

The foregoing is an imaginary advertisement; yet it represents precisely what was done by the attorneys, referee and judge who conducted the Astor divorce suit, which has recently terminated in a decree in favor of the plaintiff, rendered in the Supreme Court in this State, in the Ninth Judicial District, by the direction of Justice ISAAC N. MILLS, sitting at New City, in the county of Rockland.

The good people of this State are shocked at things of this sort when they occur at Reno in the State of Nevada, or at Fargo in the State of North Dakota; but they seem to be utterly indifferent to the objectionable character of such practices when carried on in their own courts.

The distinguished counsel who figured in this litigation would doubtless resent being characterized as divorce lawyers, and if asked to act in any ordinary matrimonial action for absolute divorce or separation would notify the applicant in no uncertain manner that they had never soiled their fingers with divorce business. However, it makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored. When the parties are millionaires enjoying a high social position, the objections to acting in a divorce suit sink into utter insignificance. The wheels of justice move smoothly and noiselessly; the Judge appears to know what is coming almost before counsel have addressed the court; he orders the record of the proceedings to be sealed up and kept secret at the mere intimation of a desire that this course shall be taken; and the public is told as a justification for these methods of procedure that they are adopted in order to protect the feelings of the children of the marriage and to prevent the disclosure of the "sickening details" which are apt to characterize the evidence in such cases.

This is all very well; but we do not hear much about these objections to publicity in the ordinary run of divorce cases. If there is any publication of the evidence in suits of this sort the responsibility therefor rests with the newspapers and not with the courts; and decent newspapers are by no means disposed to err in this respect to the injury of public morals.

The truth is that such proceedings as have been had in the Astor case tend to confirm the popular impression that there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor. We have repeatedly said, and we believe, that this impression generally speaking is quite erroneous; but we are extremely sorry to be compelled to admit that it finds a good deal of support in this incident.

The Wheat Question.

A notable change in wheat conditions in the United States is disclosed by the figures of the last five years in comparison with the figures of the preceding twenty-five years. It is assumed that this change is permanent, but the situation is obviously open to numerous and various influences. Nor is it certain that the figures showing the domestic consumption of wheat during the last five years, in their relation to the figures of earlier years, are to be accepted at their face value.

From 1879 to 1903, inclusive, by five year periods, our domestic consumption of wheat shows a range from 4½ to 5½ bushels a year per capita. The average from 1904 to 1908, inclusive, is reported as 6½ bushels. Unless it can be shown that this notable increase is due to increased consumption of wheat bread, breakfast foods and other articles of food in which wheat flour is used, and to no other cause, the theory that per capita consumption is running away from per capita production is greatly weakened. Production during the last twenty-five years, measured on a basis of five year periods, shows no more than a moderate and natural fluctuation with a range from an average of 7.3 bushels to 8 bushels a year per capita. Production and domestic consumption stand at each other's feet.

AVERAGE YEARLY PER CAPITA IN BUSHELS.

Year	Domestic Consumption	Production
1884-1888	7.7	5.30
1889-1893	7.5	4.90
1894-1898	7.3	4.76
1899-1903	8.0	5.45
1904-1908	7.9	6.24

It remains to be seen whether or not the high average consumption of the last five years is to be maintained and whether the increase is not due to some merely temporary condition, such as the feeding of large quantities of wheat to animals because of its low grading and therefore small value for milling purposes. It is said that an important part of the crops of 1904 and 1905 was used in that way. If that is the case, a part at least of the increase in domestic consumption during the last five years is accounted for. A particularly notable feature in the situation is the general correspondence of increase in production and increase in population. At this point there is a divergence of opinion. One set of philosophers contends that population will outstrip production so that in a few years this country must import wheat to supply its needs. Another set points to a small but perceptible increase in acreage yield and sees in a further increase the avoidance of any wheat importation and a continuance of exports.

It may be assumed that the price of the commodity will be the controlling

factor in the situation. A fair assurance of a dollar a bushel for their product would undoubtedly lead many of our farmers to more extensive planting, and perhaps to more careful selection of seed and to better cultivation. It is a fair business guess that greater effort and increased total output would follow enhancement of price. There is a limit to our possible production, but it is up in the billions of bushels, many times our present output, and wheat will be raised more or less in correspondence with the profit in raising it.

In the matter of exports we should export flour rather than wheat. The Western wheat growers particularly fall into a serious mistake in their fear of a free entrance for Canadian wheat. Men whose view is not limited by a wince surrounding a wheat field insist that the free admission of Canada's hard wheat for mixing with the softer wheat grown on our own soil would vastly increase our exports of flour without reducing by a single cent the market price of the American product. Under the bonding privilege provision of the tariff bill such importation is now possible, but it is hedged by limitations and inconveniences which restrict the process. Admitting that free wheat from Canada would reduce prices by a few cents, a highly improbable result, the wheat consumers, the bread eaters of the country, should be the gainers by the reduction. As it is, they must now pay the wheat growers a heavy toll for the inefficient methods employed in too many of our wheat fields.

For Governor of Wisconsin.

We shall "hurl back with scorn," if it comes our way, the "infamous" accusation that Captain WILLIAM MITCHELL LEWIS, the Racine "millionaire manufacturer," is "understood to be the financial backer of Senator LA FOLLETTE." Battle Bots needs nobody to console him for the loss or regrettable estrangement of his earlier "millionaire backer," the Hon. ISAAC STEPHENSON of Marinette. The paths of Chautauqua drop fatness and the lecturer is worthy of his hire. Britannia needs no bulwarks; LA FOLLETTE needs no backers. He backs himself.

None the less is the Hon. WILLIAM MITCHELL LEWIS with his millions and his mind welcome in the Badger ring. He wants to be Governor, and he says so with a charming frankness and freedom from pretence, learned, no doubt, from the great thinker who is erroneously said to be his backer. His exposition of his candidacy is a document that will be precious to the archives of sociology and statesmanship. We will not deprive them of a syllable of it:

"I am a candidate for Governor of Wisconsin for two distinct reasons:

"First, because I believe that the State needs a straight from the shoulder business administration and a Governor who is not afraid of anything or anybody, who believes in an absolutely square deal, and who has the nerve to see that the people get it.

"Second, because of the honor that accrues to the man who is Chief Executive of such a prosperous, promising Commonwealth.

"Furthermore, I am a candidate for Governor purely of my own volition. No delegations of admiring friends have called upon me and I have not solicited me to permit my name to go before the people, nor have I been picked out nor chosen upon or even suggested by any person or combinations of persons who care more for their interests than they do for the State they live in.

"My candidacy is in no sense a case of the office seeking the man, but the deliberate seeking of the office by the man, who does so because of his inherent right as an American citizen and because he sincerely believes that he is qualified by long years of business experience to fill the office as the people want it filled."

The Hon. WILLIAM MITCHELL LEWIS is the best judge of his merits. We trust that La Follette will thrill to the inmost and the uttermost in answer to this strong cry.

The Thane With the Dead Hand.

At a Philadelphia feast the bonny Laird of Skibo rises and "indorses" himself with his wonted perforator:

"The subject of my toast has been mentioned by the toastmaster. Oh, what a call was that! Your chairman asked me a little while ago if I considered that the 7,000 libraries and the \$70,000,000 I have given would give a satisfactory and adequate return. I say now that if I had to choose again what branch of usefulness I should embrace—I say again that I would, if I were choosing over again, make that the use for surplus wealth."

And all the "best sellers" rise up and cry amen! They are getting something and the bonny Laird is getting a good deal more. He has taxed posterity to advertise his "munificence." The present is full of his glory. He walks up and down before the nations, celebrating his philanthropy and emitting his opinions. Seventy-five millions; it is but a little pin money, mere carfare for him; and see what he has bought with it! The right to be heard, a place at many pageants and banquets and commemorations. He fills the world with himself and the fame of him, the bustling, important, pragmatic little man! He boldly seeks to corrupt and degrade English spelling till it is faintly like his own go as you please cacography. He builds temples to the Peace of the World and the Fortune of CARNEGIE. He hires private secretaries and commences author. He defends all countries with the jingling of his pockets and his speech. He crowns and acclaims himself the friend of humanity and benefactor of mankind. The press is his trumpet. The colleges are his parasites. We recall no other character of equal depth and sublimity since the days of the Hon. SIMON TAPPERTIT.

Happy, happy Thane! He bestrides the future as well as the present. Every time he gives a library building a regiment of ghostly tax bills flutters in the mind's eye. His reign is permanent. He rules in mortmain the distant generations. A "satisfactory and adequate return" indeed—to him. He has saddled himself on posterity and made it pay the bill.

Place, a railroad station, Washington; time, 8:30 P. M. The Cabinet is solemn and splendid with frock coats—in spite of the hour—and tall hats. Two by two have the members marched abreast of Mr. TAPPET's car. But the beautiful is the first to emerge

therefrom. The "customary greetings" follow. Notice, however, that NADEL, of Commerce and Labor, companies a white cravat with his statesman's frock coat—a crime against all the aesthetic gods and proprieties sartorial, a crime the punishment of which we leave usual to Professor TURNBROOK of the Providence Journal. But here may be worse than crime in general; is there not "conspicuous" in particular here? We advise Mr. TAPPET to keep his eye on NADEL. It won't do to let NADEL come from Missouri and know no better NADEL knows. When a politician wears a white "tie" in the day time, look out for him. He has ambitions. Suspect him of a boom. He is dangerous.

Candidates for admission to Northwestern University proved to be poor spellers when tested—*St. Louis News*.

Oh, that's all right. They'll spell a good deal worse by sheepskin time.

To the Hon. IMRI ZUMWALT, editor of the Bonner Springs *Chief*, hail; hail to that very chieftain! And let us begin to believe in the sincerity of the gathered and gathering wrath of Kansas against CANON, that man of sin. The Hon. VICTOR MURDOCK is not conclusive. BLANCO BILL is a rhetorician. The Hon. IMRI ZUMWALT is of another, a loftier species. We hear his honest pulse beat fast as he writes a great renunciation to the Hon. IOLA SCOTT, Representative in Congress of the Second Kansas district and hitherto an unrepentant Canonite:

"The great issue before the people to-day is the domination of CANON and ALDRICH and the rest of that crew in national affairs. I regret to note that you have your eyes with that sentiment, and while I do not for a moment question your sincerity, I shall be compelled to oppose your renunciation on that account. You may consider my application for the post office at this place withdrawn."

When a Kansas editor politician—SCOTT is one, by the way—will voluntarily give up the chance of a postmasterhip, then, imperious, high moral issues must be at stake, and the Ammonites, the Canonites, the Jebusites and the Canonites may well tremble in their cyclone cellars.

Ohio obtained twenty-two out of fifty Carnegie medals—*Toledo Blade*.

Not quite so lucky in hunting medals as in hunting offices. Ohio should demand a recount and revision.

The Democratic party has had enough of "paramounting." We "paramounted" silver and we "paramounted" imperialism. Representative ROBERT B. HARRIS.

And BRYAN "paramounted" the party. That was the real trouble. Consider the progressive decline in the vote for him: In 1896 the total was 6,502,925; 6,358,133 in 1900, and 6,015,190 in 1904. And in the twelve years there had been a large increase in the number of voters.

THE CRIMINAL SUGAR TRUST.

President Taft's Doing Contrasted With President Roosevelt's Sayings.

From the Philadelphia Record.

President Taft's promise to enforce "the Roosevelt policies" is made subject to one very serious reservation. He declares that in so doing he will be guided by the law of the land. Roosevelt only vociferated. No conspicuous person engaged in violations of the Sherman anti-trust law was indicted during his administration. Three years before the expiration of Mr. Roosevelt's term the evidence against Christian B. Brown, Earle procured the indictment of the trust in a civil suit was brought to the attention of the Roosevelt Administration. Nothing was done. Mr. Earle declared afterward:

"I took this testimony to Washington when Mr. Roosevelt was President, and could not get him or his Attorney-General, Mr. Bonaparte, to look at it. I insisted that the method of getting control of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company of this city (Philadelphia) was fraudulent, and that the trust officers should be prosecuted, but they refused to listen to me. Then I gave my evidence to the newspapers, but no notice was taken of the blatant fraud by the Administration."

This was before the statute of limitations closed the case successfully pleaded. Where Roosevelt failed Taft acted. In four months Attorney-General Wickham brought suit on the evidence Bonaparte ignored, and had no difficulty in procuring indictments. This sugar trust case illustrates very clearly the difference between the two administrations. The Roosevelt administration was the energetic use of the Executive authority to enforce the laws in conformity with oath bound duty.

THE STABILITY OF FOOTBALL.

The Game Not in Danger While Spectators Enjoy It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: "T. N. E." writing in THE SUN, is entirely mistaken when he says that "the best evidence of the stability of football in popular esteem is the fact that if after years of suffering the labor of the most skilled surgeons were available to keep an injured player alive the game is absolved from blame." The stability of football lies in the fact that our university presidents and professors go to the games, as do thousands of our sensitive and artistic citizens when the occasion arises. We expect that these cultured audiences will pay any attention to the broken neck of Cadet Wilson or the broken back of the Cazenovia Seminary student, or care but minutely for the broken limbs of thousands of people who are not responsible for the injuries they are not responsible for. It is not to the game, but to the players, that the blame should be laid. The game is only natural, because the world is improving, and people are becoming more cultured and more refined. The young are taken to football games so that they may witness the proper way to develop manly courage between Yale and Brown at New Haven last Saturday several hundred boys who are out on the field were taken by the Judge of the City Court to the game for the obvious purpose of permitting them to study the ethical principles of the game and help would them be better men and citizens. It was not explained in what way it was likely to better their future by witnessing the painful injury of a player, but so long as "the Juggernaut rolls grandly on" and the people are entertained.

JAMES D. DEWELL, JR.
New York, November 10.

Sanitary Regulations Regarding Oysters.

From the correspondence of the *Lancet*.

With a view to preventing the sale of unwholesome oysters the Under Secretary of State for the Navy has ordered a commission appointed under the presence of the Hon. General of Fisheries to draw up sanitary regulations for the oyster culture. The regulations will define the condition in which the beds, pools and reservoirs used for this purpose must be kept. Owners of oyster beds not complying with the prescribed conditions will only have permission to deal in half grown oysters. In other words, they will not be allowed to supply consumers. In places where oysters are sold from the boats, the license granted by the Minister of Marine will be withdrawn if the regulations are not observed.

TOPIC DAVE.

This, quivering, leaping, darts in the thin leafed treetops cast, Plung into the autumn's pyre.

The birchbark on her breast, With its wavering yellow gleam, Is one with the maple's crest And the sunset on the stream.

Soft are the autumn rays Of your sunset gleams, And in your round of precious days See another sunlit stone!

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

THE MOREAU MUSEUM.

Out of the beaten track of sightseers, and not noticed with particular favor by the guide books, the museum founded by Gustave Moreau at 14 rue de La Rochefoucauld in Paris is only known to a comparatively few artists and amateurs. We seldom hear Americans speak of this rare collection; it is never written about in the magazines. In September, 1907, Moreau made a leaving his house and its contents to the State. He died in 1906 (not in 1902 as Bryan's dictionary has it), and in 1902 President Loubet authorized the Minister of Public Instruction to accept this rich legacy in the name of the republic. The artist was not known to stranger countries; indeed he was little known to his fellow countrymen. Huguette had cried him up in a revolutionary article; but to be praised by Huguette was not always a certificate of fame. The critic attention to Eugenes and Ropes; and Moreau, a born schoolmaster, though without any intention of carrying water on both shoulders, was regarded suspiciously by his associates at the *Beaux Arts*, while the new men he praised, Courbet, Manet, Whistler, Monet, would hold no commerce with him. To this day opinion is divided as to his merits, he being called a *pasticheur* or else a great painter-post. Huguette saw straight into the heart of the enigma—Gustave Moreau is poet and painter, a highly endowed man who had the pictorial vision in an unusual degree; whose brush responded to the ardent brain that directed it; the skilled hand that manipulated it; always responded, we say, except in the creation of life. His paintings are, strictly speaking, magnificent still life. No vital current animates their airless, gorgeous and sometimes cadaverous surfaces.

Like his friend Gustave Flaubert, with whom he had so much in common (at least on the Salammbô side of the writer), Moreau was born to affliction. His father was a Government architect; he went early to the Ecole des Beaux Arts and also studied under Picot. In 1857 he had a "Pieta" in the Salon (he was born April 6, 1826), and followed it the next season with a "Darius" and a large canvas depicting an episode from the Song of Songs. The latter was purchased for the Dijon Museum. At the Universal Exhibition of 1889 he showed a monster work, "The Athenians and the Minotaur." He withdrew from the public until 1894, when his "Odipus and the Sphinx" set Paris talking. He exhibited until 1890 various canvases illustrative of his studies in classic literature and received sundry medals. He was elected a member of the Académie des Beaux Arts in 1898, replacing Boulanger. He was decorated in 1875 with the Legion of Honor and made "officer" in 1883. When a member of the Institute he had few friends and as professor at the *Beaux Arts* he disturbed the authorities by his warm praise of the Primitives. Altogether a career meagre in exciting interest, though singularly rich and significant on the intimate side.

A first visit to the museum proved startling. We had seen and admired the fifteen water colors at the Luxembourg, among them the famous "Apparition of Salome," but for the enormous number of pictures, oil, water color, pastels, drawings, cartoons, studies, we were unprepared. The bulky catalogue registers 1,132 pictures, and remember that while there are some unfinished canvases the amount of work executed is in truth during half a century—is nevertheless a testimony to Moreau's muscular and nervous energy, poetic conception and intensity of concentration. Even his unfinished pictures are carried to a state of elaboration that would madden many modern improvisers in color. Apart from sheer execution, there is a multitude of visions that must have been struggled for as Jacob wrestled with the Angel, for Moreau's was not a facile mind. He brooded over his dreams, he saw them before he gave them shape. He was familiar with all the Asiatic mythologies, and for him the pantheon of Greek deities must have been born of his brain. The Oriental fantasy, the Buddhististic ideas, the knowledge of Persian, Indian and Byzantine histories, customs and costumes sets us to wondering if this artist wasn't too cultured ever to be spontaneous. He recalls Prester John and his composite faiths.

There was besides the profound artistic erudition another stumbling block to simplicity of style and unity of conception. Moreau began by imitating both Delacroix and Ingres. Now, such a procedure is manifestly dangerous. Huguette speaks with promiscuity in the admiration of art. You can't admire Manet and Bastien-Lepage—le Grévin de cabaret, le Bastien de boulevard, you can't admire Manet and Moreau. We add, Huguette did not precisely what he preached against. But Moreau was a man of wide intellectual interests. Devoid of the creative energy that can eject an individual style at one jet, as a volcano casts forth a rock, he attempted to add nature by the process of an exquisite selection. His taste was trained, his range wide—too wide, one is tempted to add; and thus by a conscious act of the will he originated an art that recalls an antique chryselephantine statue, a being rigid with precious gems, stiff with strange colors, something with mineral eyes, without the breath of life—contemporary life—yet charged with its austere magnetism, bearing a charmed existence, that might come from a cold, black magic; monstrous with possessing a strange feverish beauty, as Flaubert's Salammbô is beautiful in a remote, exotic way.

However, it is not fair to deny Moreau human sympathies. There are many of his paintings and drawings, notably the latter, that show him as possessing heart and pity. His handling of his medium is heavy, never timid, and at times masterly. Delacroix inspired many of his landscapes backgrounds, as Ingres gave him the proportions of his female figures. You continually encounter variations of Ingres, the sweet, serene line, the tapering legs, the delicate hands. Some critics have discerned the too forms of Perugino; but such mechanical comparisons strain the notion of eclecticism. Certainly Moreau studied Bellini, Mantegna and Da Vinci, without ever attaining the freedom and distinction of any of them. His color, too, is too often hard and cold, though not in the sumptuous surfaces of his fabrics; there a Venetian splendor is apparent. He can be fiery and insipid, metallic and morbid. His Orientalism is at times transposed from the work of his old friend the painter Chassériau into the key of a brilliant if pompous rhetoric.

This herculean attempt at reassembling many styles in a unique style that would best express a certain frozen symbolism was the aimable ambition of Moreau. He compelled the spirits to come to his bidding. The house that you cross the threshold of his house that begins to work. It is displaced by the daylight of Paris, but while you are under

the roof of the museum you can't escape it. Nor is it as with Rossetti, a mystic opiate, or as with Wiertz, a madman's delirious fancy. Moreau was a philosophic poet, and though he disclaimed being a "literary" painter it is literature that is the mainspring of his elevated and decorative art. Open at random the catalogue full of quotations from the painter's pen and you encounter such titles as "Leda and the Swan," "treated with poetic restraint; 'Jupiter and Semele,' 'Tyrrhus Slaying During the Combat,' 'St. Elizabeth and the Miracle of the Roses,' 'Luceletta and Tarquin,' 'Pasiphae' (a shuddering interpretation of the legend, the 'Triumph of Alexander,' 'Salome,' 'Dante and Virgil,' 'Bethshabab,' 'Jason and the Golden Fleece.' All literatures were ransacked for themes. This painter suffered from the nostalgia of the ideal. When a subject coincided with his technical expression the result approximates perfection. Consider the 'Salome,' so marvellously paraphrased in prose by Huguette. The aquarile in the Luxembourg is more plastic, more jeweled than the oil; Moreau often failed in the working out of his ideas. Never in art has a hallucination been thus set before us with such uncompromising reality. The sombre, luxurious *décor*, the voluptuous silhouettes of the dancing girl, the hieratic pose of the Tetrarch, even the aureoled head of John, are forgotten in the contemplation of Salome, who is become cataleptic at sight of the apparition. Arrested her attitude, her flesh cramps with fear. Her face is contracted into a mask of death. The lascivious dance seems suspended in midair. To have painted so impossible a picture bears witness to the extraordinary quality of Moreau's complex art.

Nor is the 'Salome' his masterpiece. In the realm of the decorator he must be placed high. His genius is Byzantine, 'Jupiter and Semele,' with its colossal and serene architecture, its gigantic figure of the god, from whose august head emanate spokes of light, is Byzantine of a wild luxuriousness in pattern and fancy. Moreau excels in representing cataracts of nude women, ivory toned of flesh, exquisite in proportion, set off by radiant jewels and wonder breeding brocades. His skies are in violent ignition, or else as soft as Lydian airs. What could be more grandiose than the 'Triumph of Alexander' (No. 70 in the catalogue)? Not John Martin or Picot, but the Frenchman in bizarre architectural backgrounds. And the 'Chimeras,' what a Baudelairean imagination! Baudelaire of the bitter heart. All luxury, all sin, all that is the shame and the glory of mankind is here, as in a tapestry dilled by the smoke of dreams; but as in his most sanguinary combats not a sound, not a motion comes from this canvas. When the slaves, mostly lovely females, are thrown to the fish to fatten them for some Roman patrician's banquet, we admire the beauty of color, the clear static style, the solidity of the architecture, but we are unmoved. If there is such a thing as disinterested art it is the clausal art of Moreau—who can be both perverse and poetic.

His sensuality amazes. He did not always paint the same picture, or 'Christ Between Two Thieves' is condensed, yet attracts because the expression of the convicted thief is remarkable. 'The Three Magi' and 'Moses Within Sight of the Promised Land' do not give one the fullest sense of satisfaction, as do 'The Daughters of Theophrastus' or 'The Rape of Europa'; yet they suggest what might be termed a tragic sort of decoration. Moreau is a painter who could illustrate Marlowe's fustian line, 'Holla, ye pampered Jades of Asia,' and do it superbly; or, 'See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.' He is an exotic blossom on the stem of French art. He saw ivory, apes and peacocks, purple, gold, and the heavens aflame with the mystic message. He never translated that message, for his vision appeared to be entirely of Orpheus. 'The Maiden with the Head of Orpheus,' 'Salome,' of 'Jason and Medea,' of 'Jupiter and Semele,' will never fail to win the admiration and homage of those art lovers who long for dreams of vanished ages, who long to escape the commonplace of the present. Gustave Moreau will be their poet-painter by predilection.

Once in the streets of prosaic Paris and he is as unreal as Rossetti or the Pre-Raphaelites (though their superior as one who could make palpable his visions). In the Louvre—where the *Salon Carré* is little changed—Manet's 'Olympie,' with her everyday seductiveness, resolves the phantasmagoria of Moreau into thin air. Here is reality for you, familiar as it may be. It is wonderful how long it took French critics to discover that Manet was an *artiste de salon*. He was very French in the French gallery, where he lived, one of those declamatory portraits with beady eyes hangs near by. He is simply than David in his methods—Mr. Ricketts critically described David as possessing the mind of a policeman—and as a painter Moreau peeps out from the 'Olympie.' After seeing the 'Maja Demuda' at the Prado you realize that Manet's trip to Madrid, though he executed the country and its cookery, was not without important results. Between the noble courtesan who was the Duchess of Alba and the courtesan called 'Olympie' there is only the difference between the respective handlings of Goya and Manet.

PARIS, October 25.

Duck vs. Grasshopper.

From the *London Journal*.

Isaac W. Coombs of West Rath has been bothered somewhat by grasshoppers in past years. This year he raised seven ducks, permitted them to roam about his place and hasn't seen a single grasshopper that wasn't on its way down some duck's throat. He says that the ducks have paid for all they cost him and he has already marked half a dozen at a good price, which he considers clear profit.

Football Week.

From the *Drovers' Republican*.

'Twas killing, and the muddled oves Did jab and licker on the grid. All glory was in football games, And that halfback, the kid.

'Beware the Stugawock, my son, The forward pass, the off-farred spine; Beware the Tackob, and run For good old Umpire.

He took the football in his hand, Long time another's life he sought; And then he rested (couldn't stand) Till ambulance was brought.